

LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

VOL I.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1820.

[NO. 15.]

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY

SYLVESTER T. GOSS,

No. 10, State Street,

AT THREE DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

All letters directed to the Publisher, must be post paid. No subscription received for a less time than one year.

AGENTS FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

Mess. Cushing & Appleton, Booksellers, Salem, Mass.
Charles Whipple, Bookseller, Newburyport.
Harrison Gray, Bookseller, Portsmouth, N. H.
Joseph Johnson, Bookseller, Portland, Maine.
Mr. Calvin Spaulding, Hallowell, Maine.
Mr. David S. Lawrence, Providence, R. I.

MARY OF ROSSENDALE.

Martin Watson, the Lancashire weaver, had long been distinguished as the father of four beautiful daughters: Mary, the eldest, was allowed to surpass her sisters in loveliness as much as the buds vary that adorn the rose; the meed of praise, so willingly bestowed, gave not birth to vanity; if she felt any sensation of pleasure, it was the innocent one which resulted from being eldest. Of a Sunday, her arm supported her father; she conducted his infirm steps to the village church, where, after having fulfilled her duty, the purest piety mingled with her gratitude to heaven, and oft the tear trembled in the eye of the inspired maid! Her sensibility had taught her to feel each slight event with exquisite pain; the early death of an amiable mother tinged her mind with the softest melancholy, insinuated itself, into her very accent, and was mingled with her smiles. Mary saw her sisters cheerful, and in their presence she was so; but when Mary beheld inward decay mark some lovely flower, she would sigh, look consciously, and hang her head; fancy seemed busy, and she would say, "Such are the unseen workings of the mind;" her remark created a momentary sadness, which when she perceived, she was the first to dispel. One Sunday morning, when the sun shone brighter than usual, old Watson arose. "Girls!" said he, "I will treat you with a walk before church. Where is my walking stick?" "I will

go and call her," replied Ann, who knew he meant Mary. The name of Mary re-echoed through the humble dwelling; but no answer was returned. "We will seek her in the garden," said Watson, preceding his daughters. The first object that met his eye was a cluster of four roses which he had frequently called his girls; one plucked from the stem was cast at a distance; and the old man wept; his heart felt a chill; a something like presentiment informed him of the fatal truth that Mary had eloped. A dead silence followed the sad conviction; Watson, unmindful of infirmity sprang to the spot where laid the rose; he bedewed it with his tears, then looked wistfully. "No!" said he, "it will never again take root, but I will preserve it while I can, and when the leaves are withered, they shall have a place in my bosom; I will fancy them my Mary, and she shall find, though no longer blooming, she is still dear to me. Mary! Mary!" said he, with an emphatic pause; but Mary returned not to Rosendale, she heard not the grief of her father, nor the sighs of her sisters; Mary was lost to all, but sad reflection!

Watson, unmindful of age and infirmity, performed the long and arduous journey to London; arrived at the villain's house, he paused between Mary and her betrayer; the conflict over, affection triumphed. "Great God! thou knowest I pity her," exclaimed the agitated Watson, "how then can I reproach her? Mary! dear Mary! thou always loved'st thy father, and he, for the love thou borest him, will not wound thee by his presence; the remembrance of thy virtue unfits him to behold thy guilt, and here let thy inhuman seducer receive his punishment; he has caused a daughter to forsake her aged father; the crime which has brought his infirm steps to his door forbids his entrance, and forlorn sends home the poor old man! Till now, I could talk of former joys—of former joys, I still will mutter, for he has robbed me of those to come. On reaching his dwelling, the daughters of Watson crowded round their venerable parent.

"My children," said he, "you must not receive your sister, unless she comes a penitent to this cottage; then, oh! then remind her not of the cause for which she quitted its protecting thatch. If she enquires after her father, tell her, he loved her; conceal from her that he grieved; but that is impossible, Mary must know he grieved that she erred!"

The sentence finished, the eyes of Watson closed in death's oblivious sleep. Three beauteous daughters, three lovely sisters, went mourning to the grave of Watson! At the heart-rending sight, all Rosendale wept, no sound was uttered, no murmur disturbed the solemn scene; they spared the seducer, because they loved the seduced.

LETTER,

From Wallaw Aschecah, an Indian chief, to his people.

In my last letter I gave you an account of my journey, from our happy and favored country, to this land of barbarians. I found the whites in a most deplorable state of ignorance. Very few know any thing about the art of hunting, and none pursue it for a livelihood!—Strange as it may seem, it is a fact, that white men are almost entirely ignorant of the bow; I expect to establish a school for the purpose of instructing them in archery. This ignorance of the civilized arts, I presume, is owing to their devoting their attention to such useless labors as building fine houses, making fine clothes, and laboring perpetually on the earth, making books, &c. all which is labor and time spent for unnecessary purposes. They think nothing of spending whole weeks to make a soft bed to lie on, instead of using a bear skin. I intend to make an engagement to supply these destitute and unfortunate creatures with several thousand bear and buffalo skins.

They will often spend the wealth, which it has cost them thirty years to accumulate, merely to build a fine house to live in; the reason of this folly is totally unaccountable, and still more astonishing, because they do not

seem ignorant of the art of making tents or even wigwams.

Their mode of living is very extravagant in every respect. Their tables are loaded with a variety of meats and herbs; but they are either bad of themselves or spoiled in cooking. They have obtained the art of making hominy from some of our people, but they are destitute of all the other luxuries of our nation. They all seem to be very sickly, and for that reason take physic during and after dinner; when they take the physic they bow to one another, and say "your health sir," which means may your physic make you well. I believe it operates as a puke generally, and I suppose cleans their stomachs. The intercourse of the whites with the Indians has been of great advantage to them.

They have in several particulars adopted our manners, especially the ladies. Our mode of dress is adopted by the women, with some alteration, like us they go partly naked, but not so much as ourselves, owing, I suppose, to a rage for surrounding themselves with fantastic finery. They also paint in imitation of us, but with less taste. We put a greater quantity of colors on our faces than the white women, who use only red and white.

The women have also imitated our practice of wearing feathers in their caps, trinkets on their arms and necks, and rings in their ears. What is very curious is that they wear none in their noses where they can be more easily worn, and where they appear most conspicuous. This no doubt is owing to a practice they have of using snuff, or tobacco powder.

A ring in the nose would be very much in the way of these snuff takers. It may also be partly owing to another practice which prevails among the whites, namely, the practice of kissing or joining mouths together. A ring in the nose would be somewhat in the way of that operation; besides the women, unlike our squaws, are incessant talkers, and a ring in the nose might in some degree obstruct the motion of the upper lip, and probably blister it by perpetual rubbing.

You will scarcely believe me, when I assure you, that the men are in a state of the most abject and pitiable slavery to the women. They make the men work like brutes for them,

while they are perfectly idle, or only engaged in some frivolous and expensive amusement. The men wait on the women like slaves; help them at table; support them as they walk the streets; fan them like a servant boy; fetch them water; help them in and out of a carriage, and it is said they have gone so far, as to lay their coats in a puddle for a lady to walk over on. In short, they perform every menial service which the women require of them.

I will do every thing in my power to ameliorate the condition of these wretched barbarians, and have a strong notion to have some of my warriors sent on to teach them the use of the bow, and instruct them in the art of hunting, making wigwams, moccasins, breech cloths, &c. We have great reason, my children, to rejoice at our situation, when we compare it with the state of these barbarians. Let us be thankful to the great spirit, who has cast our lots in a land of civilization, happiness and freedom. The great spirit bless you.

WALLAW ASCHECAH.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

THE HONEST CLERGYMAN.

AT ST. ——— IN SAXON GERMANY.

In St. ——— there lived a man, my friends, who was honest and pious, in words and deeds. The heavenly doctrines of Christianity were not only upon his lips; no, they were deeply rooted in his heart, and displayed, without ostentation, in charitable actions.

One day he opened the book, which you all know; I mean the Bible, the great and eternal word of the true and merciful God. These words met his eye, "God loveth a cheerful giver." Scarcely had this pious man read these glorious words, when the door opened, and an old man stepped into the room, who endeavoured to speak, but was unable. His countenance was marked with care, and extreme suffering was evident in his whole appearance.

Trembling, tottering, with eyes full of tears, he handed a letter to this friend of God and man, which des-

cribed in most pathetic words the deep distress in which himself, his wife and six innocent children were involved. The pious clergyman hastened to his purse; but, alas! it was exhausted: for this noble servant of God was engaged, without intermission, in mitigating the distresses of his brethren, and thus, by following the example of our Lord and Saviour, proved that he truly believed on him.

Having nothing left to bestow on the poor family, he sorrowfully took the old man by the hand, and sent up a silent prayer. He prayed to God, who affords comfort in every difficulty. A ray of joy darted like lightening into his sorrowful soul. "Gold and silver have I none," said he; "but the Lord has granted me powers, which I will employ for your deliverance." This said, the true follower of the Gospel pressed the old man to his Christian heart, and tears of joy rolled down his cheeks.

He resolved to write a book, in order to relieve the distressed family. Having little time to spare, he daily stole a few hours from his usual rest, completed his book and sold it to a printer for a sum sufficient to accomplish his benevolent object.

The mortal part of this real Christian now moulders in the dust; but the remembrance of him must be cherished by every pious and benevolent heart; and, no doubt, his immortal spirit is admitted into that happy world, where faith is lost in sight, and hope, in fruition; but where charity, forever abides, and receives an everlasting reward, in the presence of our omnipotent and all merciful Father and God.

May all professors of the Gospel and all mankind follow the example of this man, and bestow charity where it is needed, without ostentatious subscriptions, merely for the sake of raising a reputation; which latter prac-

tice, there is much reason to fear, is too prevalent in this part of the world.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

A TALE.

It was a bright evening in autumn, when the leaves were just beginning to fall, and Mr. Wilson had strayed some way from his happy home, listening to the strains of the nightingale, and enjoying the cool breeze; when, as he passed a small grove, he heard the cries of some person in distress. He hastened towards the spot whence the cries seemed to proceed, when he met a young gentleman, who had formerly been attentive to Harriet, Mr. W.'s only daughter, but for some unknown reason, had been discarded by her. They proceeded together to search for the unfortunate person, who had uttered the cries; and Mr. W. perceived that George, which was the young gentleman's name, was particularly careful to avoid a certain part of the wood.

At length Mr. W. pressed on towards the spot: but good Heavens! what was his horror at beholding the handkerchief of his daughter, dyed with blood! He fell to the ground, and knew no more till he found himself on his bed. His first inquiries were for Harriet; he was told she had gone to visit a neighbour, and had not returned.

He sent servants in every direction in pursuit of her; but they were obliged to return to the disconsolate father without obtaining any tidings of her. He then sent for officers, and told them the circumstance of finding George in the wood, of finding Harriet's handkerchief; and dwelt particularly on George's attempts to make him pass the part of the wood where he had found it. They accordingly arrested George on the suspicion of having murdered her. He protested his innocence in the strongest terms;

acknowledged that all Mr. W. had said was true—the handkerchief he said, was one which he had taken from Harriet in his happier days—while he was seated in the wood his nose suddenly bled, and he used it to stop the blood—that hearing cries he was startled, the handkerchief fell from his hands, and in hastening to the rescue of the sufferer he met Mr. W. This story, it is true, bore the marks of fact; but if true, where was Harriet?

She had been seen going towards the wood, and nothing more could be heard of her. He was tried;—and, upon this strong circumstantial evidence, found guilty, and condemned to die. But, at the request of his relations, and of Mr. W. he was not to be hung till that time twelvemonth, as they all hoped to hear of her. But the time drew near and not a word from, or concerning her, had arrived—when three days before the execution was to have taken place, her father received a letter from the long-lost Harriet herself, dated from Malta, stating, that while at a boarding school she had contracted an acquaintance with a young officer, Lieut. R.—who, after much entreaty, had prevailed upon her to elope with him, and be secretly married. When the appointed time came,—and she thought seriously of leaving so good a parent, as he had always proved to her, that her heart failed her, and she refused to go with Lieut. R.—, when he attempted to force her into a carriage he had in waiting, and she screamed for help. He then tied a handkerchief over her mouth, put her into the carriage, which set off at great speed.

After riding many miles, they alighted at a small inn, but she was so closely watched, it was impossible to speak to any one. At length she had given him her hand; and they had lived together some time in Malta. Her husband was now dead, “but,” said she, “I cannot think of returning

to that father, whom I have treated with such cruelty.” She also said that she had written several times before, but she feared her husband had stopped all her letters. Mr. W. immediately on receipt of this letter prepared to sail for Malta the first opportunity; fortunately one soon occurred; and he reached Malta in safety.

It was long ere he could find her; and when he did at last accomplish it, she was so altered, he hardly knew her. Poor, and a stranger, she had no resource by which to support herself, but her manual labour. Her father prevailed upon her to return with him—and many months had not elapsed, when she gave her hand to him, who had suffered so much for her.

J. Q. V.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE HOLT.

When Holt was Lord Chief Justice, a sect somewhat like that of the methodists, but rather more enthusiastic, was the canker that festered the community: and it being his lordship's opinion that a well-timed severity was the readiest way to destroy the spreading humour, caused several of the ringleaders to be committed to prison; upon which Mr. Lacy, a follower of theirs, went to his lordship's house, and demanded a conference with him. The porter said, his lordship was indisposed, and saw no company. “But tell him,” said Lacy, “that I must see him, for I am sent to him by the Lord God.” The porter being struck with the oddity of the message, caused it to be delivered and the judge gave orders that the man should be admitted. When he entered the room, “I am come,” said he to the judge, “with a message from the Lord, requiring of thee, on pain of everlasting fire, to grant a *Noli prosequi* for John Atkins, and others, God's faithful servants, whom thou hast wrongfully cast into prison.” “Thou art a lying prophet,” replied his lordship, “for if the Lord had sent thee, he would have directed thee to the Attorney-general, for he knows it is not in my power to grant thee a *Noli prosequi*.” And so went his *Mitimus* to keep his brethren company.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

THE DESULTORY CONTRIBUTOR.
NO. III.

Since the ever memorable days of the Guardian, Tatler, Spectator, Rambler, and Adventurer the literary world has swarmed with essayists, who, though very respectable, have never been able, in my humble opinion, to equal their predecessors, nor in fact to approach very near to a perfect resemblance of them. To be sure, they have had more difficulties to surmount, and deeper reflections to exercise in searching for originality, than had Steele, Addison, Johnson and Hawksworth: for the course pursued by these champions of literature, particularly the two first mentioned, was an entire new track, explored previously by no English writer, and consequently their essays have all the appearance of originality, of genius, and of wit, which have stamped the character of immortality on every production of their classic pens.

Instead of discovering and rambling in a new field, modern essayists are condemned to roam in an old one, where the most beautiful flowers of the sweetest fragrance have been culled and transplanted, the most delicious fruits gathered and devoured by more happy strollers, whose uncommon natural abilities, whose solid acquirements and elegant intellectual accomplishments gave them advantages, which their successors have never possessed.

One thing in particular, it is believed, gave the early essayists superior power over all others; I mean their very familiar acquaintance with ancient literature. This gave a zest to every morceau that fell from their charming pens. In our own beloved country, there seems to be not so much value attached to a knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages, as

there was in England in the days of Addison and Johnson. 'In those olden times,' no man was considered an accomplished scholar, unless he was systematically and thoroughly acquainted with the ancient authors; but now every youth, that passes through a college, is called and often announced in the newspapers, when circumstances make it convenient, a man of finished classical education, though perhaps he cannot read and translate correctly the shortest sentence in Latin, and is almost entirely ignorant of the Greek Alphabet.

Even were there no information of any value to be drawn from the deep fountains of ancient literature, yet the exercise of close thinking, necessary in studying the dead languages, would have in students a great tendency towards rendering their understandings more solid and acute, than they would be, were their studies wholly confined to the English language. To conclude this number, I particularly and earnestly recommend to my fair readers a frequent perusal of the British essayists, instead of wasting their valuable time, in poring over the pages of wretched novels, which only tend to heighten the imagination, weaken the judgment, foment the passions, corrupt the morals, and give false and unnatural views of human life.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

PETITION.

The humble petition of the undersigned respectfully represents, that, although for a long time heretofore, we were in copartnership and considered, to all intents and purposes, one and the same, yet, nevertheless, for more than a century last past, our copartnership has been dissolved by general consent, and we have been permitted to carry on our business separately.

Yet notwithstanding the above-said dissolution of copartnership, certain

Lexicographers, and especially one "John Walker, Author of Elements of Elocution, Rhyming Dictionary, &c." not having the fear of the great Dr. Johnson before their eyes, but being moved and instigated by some whim-wham, or other notion, or thing, have used, and, as we apprehend, abused us, by inserting us and our several rightful possessions promiscuously in their dictionaries; as will, by turning to the above-said Walker's Dictionary, where the pages are headed, JAC, JAN, ID, IDY, JEW, &c. &c. fully appear.

We, therefore, the subscribers, humbly request all those who read, write and speak the English language, to use their best endeavours to induce their several Lexicographers, and especially the above-named John Walker, to acknowledge and maintain our just rights and privileges, and let us hold ourselves and our own property, in as complete severalty, as is due to any of the vowels and consonants. And, as in duty bound, the petitioners will ever be subject to do the duty, for which they were designed, and to which they were appointed.

I.
J.

N. B. The petitioners aforesaid present to all whom it may concern the following extract, from the Dictionary of the said Walker, as an authentick document in favour of the petition.

"Our letters, says Dr. Johnson, are commonly reckoned twenty four, because antiently *i* and *j*, as well as *u* and *v*, were expressed by the same character; but as these letters, which had always different powers, have now different forms, our alphabet may be properly said to consist of twenty six letters."

NOTE.

We have received, *mutatis mutandis*, the same petition from U and V.

This is therefore to give notice to all persons to whom these presents

shall come, that our paper is at their service, to show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the above petitioners should not be granted.

Ed.

EMMETT'S LAST MOMENTS.

(Executed for conspiracy.)

"One day, previous to his trial, as the governor was going his rounds, he entered Emmett's room rather abruptly; and observing a remarkable expression in his countenance he apologized for the interruption. He had a fork affixed to his little deal table, and appended to it, there was a tress of hair.

'You see,' said he to the keeper, 'how innocently I am occupied. This little tress has long been dear to me, and I am plaiting it to wear in my bosom on the day of my execution.' On the day of that fatal event, there was found sketched by his own hand, with a pen and ink, upon that very table, an admirable likeness of himself, the head severed from the body, which lay near it, surrounded by the scaffold, the axe, and all the frightful paraphernalia of a high treason execution. What a strange union of tenderness, enthusiasm, and fortitude, do not the above traits of character exhibit! His fortitude, indeed, never for an instant forsook him.

On the night previous to his death, he slept as soundly as ever; and when the fatal morning dawned, he arose, knelt down and prayed, ordered some milk, which he drank, wrote two letters (one to his brother in America, and the other to the secretary of state, inclosing it) and then desired the sheriffs to be informed that he was ready.

When they came into his room, he said he had two requests to make,—one, that his arms might be left as loose as possible, which was humanely and instantly acceded to. 'I make the other,' said he, 'not under any idea that it can be granted, but that it may be held in remembrance that I have made it—it is, that I may be permitted to die in my uniform.' This, of course could not be allowed: and the request seemed to have no other object, than to shew that he gloried in the cause for which he was to suffer.

A remarkable example of his power over himself and others, occurred at this melancholy moment. He was

passing out, attended by the sheriffs, and preceded by the executioner—in one of the passages stood the turnkey, who had been personally assigned to him during his imprisonment: this poor fellow loved him in his heart, and the tears were streaming from his eyes in torrents. Emmett paused for a moment; his hands were not at liberty—he kissed his cheek—and the man, who had been for years the inmate of a dungeon, habituated to scenes of horror, and hardened against their operation, fell senseless at his feet.

Before his eyes had opened again upon this world, those of the youthful sufferer had closed on it for ever. Such is a brief sketch of the man who originated the last state trials in which Mr. Curran acted as an advocate."

COQUETRY.

In order more clearly to understand the following account, it is necessary to state some of the prominent circumstances upon which it was predicated. A military gentleman of slender circumstances paid his addresses to a lady no less desirable for personal beauty and fortune, than remarkable for her shameful coquetry. Her arts were so well exercised as to seduce the affections of this son of Mars, while he was on a visit to a town where he was stationed. They exchanged miniatures, were frequently together, and finally, the officer accompanied the lady to her own home, where he had no doubt she would spontaneously consent to receive him as her friend and partner through life.

So soon, however, as the lady had no farther occasion for the gallant services of her admirer, she gave him what she facetiously called his furlough for life. Finding that his expences in courtship had been enhanced beyond the limits of his pay, he thought it would not be unreasonable to furnish an account of them to the lady, who generously remitted the money, merely observing, that like many others of her sex

—"*Far more brave than wise*
She conquered for the triumph, not the prize."

Miss—	To — Dr.
Cash paid for whiting to clean spurs,	
buttons and sword, - - -	\$ 0 50
One pair corsets, (steel plated) - -	5 00

Paid washer-woman, extra crimping and washing, - - -	7 50
Ditto to boot black, - - -	1 75
To cash paid ferriages and turnpike gates while attending on you, -	0 89
Admission to several balls, - -	14 00
Hack hire and confectionary, - -	7 25
One pair black top boots worn exclusively in your service, - -	12 00
Paid fees to Mr. G—'s servants, -	3 38
Paid Mr. — for my miniature likeness, given to you as a pledge of affection, - - -	20 00
To passage and expenses to— where I expected to be married, - -	15 00
To passage and expenses on my return, after receiving my furlough for life, extra grog, &c. included, -	16 00
	<hr/> \$103 27
Credit by your likeness, cost, -	\$10 00
By sundry dinners and suppers at Mr. —'s when I should have otherwise paid at a tavern, - -	21 00
	<hr/> 31 00
Balance due me, - - -	\$72 27
Errors excepted, - - -	

MELANCHOLY OF MR. CURRAN.

IN THE DECLINE OF LIFE.

"The gloom of his own thoughts discoloured every thing; and from calamity to calamity he would wander on, seeing in the future nothing for hope, and in the past nothing but disappointment. You could not recognize in him the same creature, who, but an hour preceding had set "the table in a roar"—his gibes his merriment, his flashes of wit were all extinguished.

He had a favourite little daughter, who was a sort of musical prodigy. She had died at the age of twelve; and he had her buried in the midst of a small grove just adjoining his garden. A little rustic memorial was raised over her, and often and often have I seen him, the tears "chasing each other" down his cheeks, point to his daughter's monument, and wish "to be with her, and at rest." Such, at times, was the man before whose very look, not merely gravity, but sadness has often vanished—who has given birth to more enjoyment, and uttered more wit, than, perhaps, any of his cotemporaries in any country,—who had in him materials for social happiness, such as we cannot hope again to see combined in any one; and whose death has cast, I fear, a permanent eclipse upon the festivities of his circle. Yet, even these melancholy

hours were not without their moral. They proved the nothingness of this world's gifts—the worse than inutility of this world's attainments—they forced the mind into involuntary reflection—they showed a fellow-creature enriched with the finest natural endowments, having acquired the most extensive reputation, without a pecuniary or a professional rival; yet, weighed down with a constitutional depression, that left the poorest wealthy, and the humblest happy in the comparison."

MADAME VERDIER.

Miss ALLUT was born at Montpelier, in 1745: her parents observing in her, from the cradle, a brilliant and solid understanding, and a most happy inclination for improvement, conducted her to Paris, where she was surrounded by the best teachers. Whilst the study of languages, literature, and the sciences formed her mind and heart, the study of painting and music charmed her leisure. At twenty three years of age, Miss Allut was adorned with every virtue, and extensive knowledge; and her person and perfections inspired M. Verdier, a rich merchant, of the city of Uzès, with the highest esteem and most lively affection, and he married her. The persons admitted to the society of Miss Allut strongly regretted her departure; and even thought that her absence from the capital would be prejudicial to her talents. They were, however, deceived; Uzès heard the first poetic songs of Madame Verdier, which were valued to her at twice the usual price at the academy of Jeux Floraux, in Toulouse. This merited success increased her emulation without hurting her modesty. Madame Verdier soon after published an idyl, entitled the Fountain of Vaucluse. This idyl, written in a chaste and elegant style, the verses of which are full of grace, softness, harmony, and sensibility, astonished the poet. Lebrun, a rigid censor of women poets, Voltaire many times praised this idyl. La Harpe printed it in his works in 1778. "The turn of the verses," said he, "is elegant and easy; there is thought, sentiment, and imagery, in them, and the whole piece is in excellent taste." He adds—

"De Verdier dans l'idylle a vaincu Dèshoulières!"

The encouragement of the first literary characters of the age, the solicitations of her friends, and above all the love of her country, so powerful a passion in noble minds, induced Madame Verdier to celebrate the agricultural riches of the south of France, in a poem in four cantos, entitled the Georgics of the south. The wisdom of the plan, the happy choice of the episodes, the charm of the versification, the exact observance of didactic principles, in fine, the ability with which the author has placed the most difficult terms employed in poetry, rank this work on a par with the best of the kind. Madame Verdier was occupied in translating Anacreon in verse, dreadful misfortunes happened to impose silence on the melodious accents of her lyre. She suddenly lost, by a terrible and unforeseen event the beloved husband of her heart; her eldest daughter died in the prime of youth and beauty; her brother, the wise and virtuous Allut, fell beneath the revolutionary scythe. The soul of Madame Verdier, torn by so many unlucky events, was wholly inconsolable. The illusions of science afforded her no relief. Besides, as severe on her own productions as she was indulgent to those of others, Madame Verdier gave herself up to the Muses, without aspiring at glory, and solely to beguile the time. A tender mother, a sincere and constant friend, the love of letters and the sciences never turned her from the duties of her sex and domestic cares; and her virtues at least equalled her talents. The celebrated critic, Palissot, said of Madame Verdier, in his Literary Memoirs, "We know a modest muse, retired to the country, where she fulfils the essential duties of her sex in a manner to win the respect of all those who have the honour of being admitted to her intimacy." Another poet said—

"Vous fuyez vainement l'honneur d'être immortelle ;

Vous l'êtes déjà, malgré vous."

In vain you fly the honour of being immortal; You are so already, in spite of yourself.

Madame Viot, so justly celebrated for her light poems, who encouraged talent, especially in women, had the greatest esteem and the most tender regard for Madame Verdier. She knew her verses by heart, quoted them continually, and said in mirth, "We are a crowd of bagpipes; Madame Verdier alone is a muse."

Madame Verdier regarded Racine as the most admirable of poets, and always intended him as a model. No woman sought less celebrity, nor better deserved to obtain it. Madame Verdier among the poets of her sex occupies the rank that Madame Cottin holds among the romance-writers both furnished proofs that great talents are in the soul.

A fit of apoplexy carried off Madame Verdier from letters and friendship at the commencement of the year 1813.

BOSTON,

SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1820.

Since nation has in a great degree, ceased to rise up against nation, and kingdom against kingdom, internal crimes and commotions appear to have become prevalent. In addition to the thefts, robberies and murders, so frequent in this country, to the insurrection in Spain, and to the assassination of the Duke de Berri, in France, news has arrived of a most daring plot having been laid in England (London) to assassinate the ministers of his Britannic Majesty, while assembled at the Earl of Bathurst's. The civil power having notice of the conspiracy, went to the place of rendezvous of the conspirators, in the evening, where they found from twenty to thirty men, surrounded with a great variety of deadly weapons, and apparently equipping themselves for carrying their plan into execution. A most violent contest ensued between the conspirators and the peace officers, in which one of the latter was killed, and several severely wounded.

A military guard soon surrounded the house, and succeeded in taking nine of the conspirators, the rest escaping under the darkness of the night. The leader, *Arthur Thistlewood*, for the apprehension of whom a reward of 1000*l* was immediately offered, was soon after apprehended; as was also *Brunet* the second conspirator.

MR. PELBY.

Although it is pretty generally allowed, that "Boston folks are full of as many good notions" as any other community, yet it is sometimes agreed, their notions are not perfectly correct. For instance, a religious, literary, or scientific lecturer, who merely makes an occasional visit to this metropolis, will frequently, during his short stay, meet with more patronage, than one who remains, "year in and year out," and labours for their benefit or amusement, with constant fidelity. This is perhaps, more particularly the case, as it respects theatrical performers, than those of any other profession. We hope however, that the ladies and gentlemen of this town will on Monday evening next, begin "to correct the procedure," by giving Mr. PELBY a real benefit. We have good authority for saying, that this gentleman is well entitled to patronage, on account of his private character, his public performances, and his constant and indefatigable labours, in the business of the drama.

We further hope, that his being a native American will not be an insuperable objection to his receiving a reward, in some measure proportioned to his merits.

RECENT OCCURRENCES.

The president of the United States has submitted to Congress, whether it will not be advisable to postpone a decision on the questions depending with Spain, till next session. This appears to have been done in consequence of the respectful advice and promise of the good offices of France, Great Britain and Russia.

The president has transmitted to congress the annual abstract of returns of the militia of the United States. Though the returns are not all complete, yet the aggregate is reported at 882, 191.

William Piper was convicted on the 21st. last, at Georgetown, Delaware, of murdering his mother, and on the 22d. sentenced to death.

A large warehouse, with its contents of dry goods and groceries, was consumed in Georgetown, Col. Dist. on Saturday night last. The loss is estimated at \$40, 000.

A novel and interesting exhibition was given at the Amphitheatre last Tuesday evening by the Philo-Dramatic Society—and we think we speak the minds of all present when we say it exceeded their utmost expectations.

The mail robbers, *Hutton* and *Hull*, have made a confession of their guilt, in robbing the mail and murdering the driver; and declare that they were the only persons concerned, in this nefarious transaction.

On the 4th. instant, it appears, from an article in the papers, signed "*Isaac Train*, keeper," that there was not a single person confined within the walls of the prison in Cambridge, in the county of Middlesex, either for crime or debt.

A foreigner, named *Martin*, confined in the above prison for stealing, was found dead on Tuesday morning last, having been burnt to death by his bed taking fire, while he was asleep, or intoxicated, or both.

Mr. Jonathan Knowlton, of Gloucester, Cape Anne, had a ball drop from out his back, last week, which he received on his retreat from Bunker-Hill battle, June 17th, 1775,

About two o'clock, on Monday morning last, a grocery and shoe store, and small adjoining house were destroyed by fire in New-York.—Another fire broke out in the same city about 11 o'clock in the evening of the same day, which nearly consumed a three story wooden building, occupied as a grocery store, with most of its contents.

The New Theatre in Philadelphia, with most of the range of brick buildings west of it on Chestnut Street, was destroyed by fire on Monday evening last. From all circumstances there is little doubt, that it was set on fire by design. A number of persons have sustained severe losses, on this occasion.

On the 13th. last. the house of Mr. Samuel Thomson was consumed by fire, in Starksborough, Ver. and Mrs. T. after saving three children by throwing them out of a window, was so badly burnt, as to survive but about a week.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

In return for the great encouragement we receive by the daily addition of names to our subscription list, we promise our most strenuous exertions to merit public approbation. We have a few remaining files complete from No. 1.

Just published and for sale at this office, and at the book store of Timothy Swan, No. 15, Cornhill, "*THE TIMES*, by a Young Bostonian."

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

Monday, April 3.

Lovers' Quarrels.—Raymond and Agnes.—Cinderella.

Wednesday, April 5.

Battle of Bunker Hill.—Tekeli.

Friday April 7.

A Day After the Wedding.—Cinderella.—Forty Thieves.

MR. PELBY'S BENEFIT.

THEATRE.—On Monday evening, April 10, will be presented, the CURFEW. After which, the melo drama of VALENTINE and ORSON.

MARRIED.

At Brookfield, Mr. Luther Faulkner of this town, to Miss Caroline Reed. In Newburyport, Mr. Edward Goodrich of this town, to Miss Hannah Stotely.—In Exeter, N. H. Mr. Jonathan Hunnewell, to Miss Mary Parker.

In this town, Mr. Ebenezer Chadwick to Miss Elizabeth Jones.—Mr. Artemas Trussell to Miss Sarah Harris.—

DIED.

In Ashfield, Rev. Nehemiah Porter, wanting but a few weeks of being 100 years of age. He was graduated at Harvard University, A. D. 1745.

In this town, Mrs. Mary Singleton, aged 79. Mr. James Parsons, 19.—Caroline Humphreys 10 months.—Mrs. Esther Potter, 32.—Mr. Francis Bowman, 37.—John Freeland, 4 years 8 months.—Capt. Timothy Tileston, 62.—Edward Lewis, 6 months.—Mr. Aaron Bean, 41.—Nehemiah Freeman, Esq. 51.—Miss Hannah Gardner, 26.—William Linzee, 11.—Mr. George Stanton.

POETRY.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

LINES,

*Written while confined by sickness near the
mall in Boston, Sept. 1819.*

I love to view yon trees so green,
With branches waving in the wind,
And joy to know the time has been,
When I could find
Beneath, in Summer's eve serene,
A moment to unbend my mind.

But soon pale autumn's chilling blast,
Shall sweep their verdure o'er the plain,
Their summer even now is past,

Resign'd her reign !

Even thus my sky is overcast,
Consigning me to care and pain.

Again shall mild returning spring
Adorn their limbs with gay attire,
While birds among their branches sing
In cheerful choir ;

But ah ! to me no joy can bring,
While sorrow only tunes my lyre.

I love to see the cheerful smile
Adorn the brow of those who pass,
A leisure moment to beguile,
While fancy's glass
Reflects content, and peace, awhile
Triumphant in the "mighty mass."

Awhile, I say, for ah ! how soon,
Like me depriv'd of health and joy,
Their skies o'ershadow'd ere 'tis noon,
Their peace alloy,
That gift of Heaven—that gracious boon
How soon may fell disease destroy.

But fierce diseases cannot quell
That hope which dwells in virtue's breast,
Beyond what mortal tongue can tell,

It gives a zest ;

Tho' dire misfortunes, dark and fell,
Should every path of life molest.

ESSEX.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

THE FRENCHMAN AND HIS WIFE.

A Frenchman once, to sooth the cares of
life,
Took to himself a pretty Yankee wife.
As each the other's language understood
Imperfectly, no wonder, that there should
Occasional misunderstandings rise—
This sometimes happens 'mong the good and
wise,

To the same race and nation who belong,
Boast the same family, speak the same
tongue.

There happen'd once a violent dispute
Between this couple, when she call'd him
"brute."

He, in a fury, bristling like a hog,
Wish'd for the lowest name of female dog
To call her by, in turn for her reflection ;
But this had quite escap'd his recollection.

"Foutre," cried he, "you plague me out of
life—

You be, vat English call, von d——d dog's
wife."

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

TO MY OLD HAT.

Farewell, old friend, of hideous form ;
My shelter from full many a storm ;
Long on my head hast thou been worn,
And verse-bescribbled papers borne.
Now thou admittest wind, snow, rain,
Crack'd like thy hapless owner's brain ;
Such is thy worn-out, tatter'd case,
A better must supply thy place.

Some poorer wight shall now be crown'd
By thee—if poorer can be found.
Or thou mayest form commodious nest,
On which the setting hen may rest
And hatch productions, valu'd more
Than all my quaint poetick lore.

But, ere we part, from every flaw
A moral lesson let me draw,
Reflecting that my house of clay,
Like thee, is subject to decay ;
That soon the immortal part must fly,
And cast the worn-out body by.
Each future hour, while life shall last,
May I use better, than the past,
Improve in knowledge, virtue, grace,
Still ripening for a better place :
That, when the last loud trump shall sound,
A heavenly body may be found,
Which I may wear, instead of this,
In regions of eternal bliss.

S—.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

A NEW SONG.

*To the old tune of "Unfortunate Miss Bai-
ley."*

A lady late of Halifax, a lady true, I ween,
sir,
A ticket purchas'd at the stand of GILBERT
and of DEAN, sir ;

The number was 3, 8, 8, 3,—a thousand
dollar prize, sir !

And Yankee belles as rich may be, if they will
be as wise, sir.

O the lady, the fortunate good lady !

And Yankee belles as fortunate may be, if
they're as wise, sir.

Their office is in old state house ; their num-
ber is sixteen, ma'am ;

Six dollars is one ticket's price, with GILBERT
and with DEAN, ma'am ;

Halves, quarters, eighths may be procur'd, with
chances for a prize, miss ;

Then buy, according to your age, your purse,
and to your size, miss.

O the office, the fortunate old office,
For ladies of whatever land, whatever age, or
size, miss !

CHORUS.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

JOHN BULL TO UNCLE SAM.

The best way for me, Uncle Sam, I must
own,

Is to let both yourself and your people alone,
Or treat you like friend and like brother.

For when we're at war, with miraculous
skill,

Your sons mine will capture, disable and
kill ;

When at peace, they will murder each
other.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

EPIGRAM.

One at a bar room bawl'd,

"Give me a glass of gin,

If it may not be call'd

Too early to begin."

Too early it can't be,

Says barman, 'if you've reason,

And careful are to see,

That you leave off in season."

S—.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

THE PRINTER AND POET.

Pr. Come, Mr. Poet, eight lines more

We want from your exhaustless store,

To fill last column of our sheet,

And this week's labour to complete.

Po. Eight lines ! Ideas I've seldom many,

And now unluckily not any.

Pr. Ideas ! No matter 'tis about them—

Write, like some brother bards, without
them.